ing for a way in, he sees a sign "wolf traps/* so that, terrified, not daring to go any farther, he was about to retrace his steps when, unexpectedly meeting his friend, he is nevertheless able to spend almost an hour with him.

Before Tristan Bernard's play, a device for stage machinery by Lordes on the disaster of Martinique. A rather well-arranged volcanic eruption in the first act, which, however, as a result of the bad functioning of the ventilators, fills the theater with smoke (subject of conversation with Megard). Last act with literary, moral, and anti-religious pretensions. The public, which feels the show rising a peg, applauds and is in raptures. It is almost nauseating.

Tristan Bernard's play is one of the best I have heard in some time. Perfect acting by Gemier, moderation, effects obtained quite naturally by the construction of the characters. Perhaps even a little overdelicacy, little details, a certain groping in the indication of the characters. If Tristan Bernard had been a little more sure of writing a really good play, he would perhaps have dared to paint more broadly. —None the less, I left delighted and eager to go back with Em. and the Drouins.[23]

17

October

Alone with the aged Augustine in the big Auteuil house. Terrible weather; all the paths in the garden are rivers of mud; the wind is whistling under the doors and shaking the windows.

Lunched with the Theo Van Rysselberghes. Did some errands. Went to chat at length with poor old La Perouse; then to the pool. Picked up Copeau as he left the gallery, went a long distance on foot with him. This evening, after dinner, wrote some letters. Too tired to chat at length here. But I am well, and this fatigue is the promise of a good sleep.

October

I am writing on Anna ShacHeton's little table, which was in my room at rue de Commailles. This is where I used to work; I liked it because in the double mirror of the dressing-table, above the shelf on which I was writing, I could see myself writing; after every sentence I would look at myself; my image spoke to me, listened to me, kept me company, kept me in a state of fervor. I had never since written at this table. These last few evenings I have been recapturing my childhood sensations.

Went to see de Max this morning as I left the bank, (Money questions that used to excite me now depress me; I gave a few orders almost at random to satisfy a finicky need for excitement.) The visit to de Max

[2a] (Written in the margin.) I have since seen the play again with a G6mier altogether spoiled. [A.]